NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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OLD SOUP.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

The following curious anecdote is from a book about elephants, written by a French gentleman, named Jacolliot, and we will let the author tell his own story :

In the autumn of 1876 I was living in the interior of Bengal, and I went to spend Christmas with my friend, Major Daly. The major's bungalow was on the banks of the Ganges near Cawnpore. He had lived there a good many years, being chief of the quartermaster's department at that station, and had a great many natives, elephants, bullock-carts, and soldiers under his command.

On the morning after my arrival, after a cup of early tea (often taken before daylight in India), I sat smoking with my friend in the veranda of his bungalow, looking out upon the windings of the sacred river, And, directly, I asked the major about his children (a boy and a girl), whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

"Soupramany has taken them out fishing," said their father.

"Why, isn't Soupramany your great war-elephant ?" I cried.

"Exactly so. You cannot have forgotten Soupramany !"

"Of course not. I was here, you know, when he had the fight with the elephant that went mad as he was loading rice on the vessel. He turned about and began running around when the 'mahout' tried to stop him, and he killed the mahout. The native sailors ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting, charged into this inclosure. Old Soupramany was here, and so were Jim and Bessy. When he saw the mad animal, he threw himself between him and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight commenced."

"Yes," said the major. "Old Soup was a hundred years old. He had been trained to war, and to fight with the rhinoceros, but he was too old to hunt then."

"And yet," said I, becoming animated by the recollections of that day, "what a gallant fight it was ! Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watched it, not daring to fire a shot lest we should hit Old Soupramany ? Do you remember, too, his look when he drew off, after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears which had been badly torn, with his head bruised, and a great piece broken from one of his tusks ?"

"Yes, indeed," said the major. "Well, since then, he is more devoted to my dear little ones than ever. He takes them out whole days, and I am very content to have them under his charge. I do not like trusting Christian children to the care of heathen servants but with Old Soup I know they can come to no harm."

"What ! you trust children under ten years of age to Soup, without any other protection ?"

"I do," replied the major. "Come along with me, if you doubt, and we will surprise them at their fishing."

I followed Major Daly, and, after walking half a mile along the wooded banks of the river, we came upon the little group. The two children—Jim, the elder, being about ten—both sat still and silent, for a wonder, each holding a rod, with line, cork, hook and bait, anxiously watching the gay cork bobbing in the water. Beside them stood Old Soup with an extremely large bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait, and cork, like the children's. I need not say I took small notice of the children, but turned all my attention to their big companion. I had not watched him long before he had a bite ; for, as the religion of the Hindoos forbids them to take life, the river swarms with fishes.

The old fellow did not stir, his little eyes

"BESIDE THE CHILDREN STOOD OLD SOUP."

watched his line eagerly ; he was no novice in "the gentle craft." He was waiting till it was time to draw in his prize.

At the end of his line, as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tench so abundant in the Ganges.

When Soupramany perceived what a fine fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy ; and he waited patiently, expecting Jim to take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He nodded at us, as much as to say, "Look out, and you'll see fun, now !" Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water-jar placed there for the purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The intelligent animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries. It was curious to see what tender tones he seemed to try to give his voice.

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as he handled his own line, Old Soup went up to him, and with his trunk tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his wilful friend to help him, he turned round as if struck by a sudden thought, and, snatching up in his [illegible] held the bait, came and laid it down at the major's feet ; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master.

"What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup ?" said the major.

The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief, I took Jimmy's part, and, picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. The elephant was not going to be teased by me. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the immense amusement of the children.

The major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and, to make my peace with the fine old fellow, I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does when it gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, Old Soupramany hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the river.—*St. Nicholas.*

WITHOUT EARNESTNESS no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men ; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular ; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it the depth of shadow.—*Peter Bayne.*

Temperance Department.

"TURN THE KEY."

In one of the narrow courts lying to the westward of Ludgate Hill, and under the shadow of St. Paul's at sunrise, there lives a man who goes by the somewhat singular cognomen of "Turn the Key." His real name is Matthew Gray; but he only hears it from the lips of his nearest friends and such neighbors as have learned to respect him. I am pleased to say that neither are few nor far between.

By trade he is a wood-engraver. Not one of those delicate-fingered men who so skilfully interpret the artist's work on the wood, and give us those magnificent pieces of modern art which adorn the best works of the day; but a ruder craftsman, employed to engrave advertisement blocks, posters, and the rougher class of this form of labor generally.

He was quick at his work, and having a good connection with some of the larger advertising agents, did remarkably well for several years prior to his marriage and after it. Then the leprosy of drink got hold of him.

He began in his youth, as others do, with his "regular glass" at meals. As time advanced he took one to "moisten his pipe before going to bed." Next he had an occasional glass between, and finally he took so many that food with him became occasional, and drink fearfully and destructively regular.

So old is the story and so generally known, that I feel I am trespassing upon the patience of my readers by telling it. We all know how common are such fallings off. There is no living man in this great country who has not seen a score of cases like it. Enough, then, of the preliminary part of Matthew had fallen—in spite of the fears, pleadings, and remonstrances of an affectionate wife—in spite of the gift of two children, and in defiance of the palpable evil the fatal habit was working in his mind and body. The unnatural thirst, the miserable craving, was ever upon him; work and home-ties were alike neglected for the dirty, brawling public-house.

And yet as he fell he struggled against his fall—feebly, no doubt, but still he struggled. In the morning he would rise with fresh resolves to have no more of it, and go sturdily to the attic where he worked, and sitting down upon his stool, put out his pad and arrange his tools. Then came the fatal whisper, "Have one glass—only one; it will freshen you up and carry you through your work of the morning."

He knew the fallacy of that whisper, but he went; and all the morning the light through the window fell upon an empty room and idle tools. Late in the day he would return, despairing, and in a slipshod way do part of the work that ought to have been well done hours before.

As usual in such cases, his employers soon learned to distrust him. Unpunctuality, bad work, and the evidence of his failing drove the best of them away, and the rest offered him—what he was obliged to take—less for his labor.

Bound in the fatal chains, moody and despairing, he lived on, with his sorrowful wife and children around him. Mrs. Gray was a good woman, and regularly attended a place of worship with her little ones. Her husband, however, had never done so; example and affectionate urgings had been thrown away upon him.

"Do give the dreadful drink up, Mat," said his wife one morning. "Pray to God to give you strength, and He will not fail you,"

"There's no good in prayer," replied Matthew, moodily. "I've tried my best; but as soon as I get to the bench I'm called away by a voice that is too strong for me,"

"It's too strong for many around us," returned his wife. "What good does it do you?"

"None," he said. "I'm not the man I was since I took to it; in fact, I sometimes feel I'm no man at all—I'm a brute."

He sat back in his chair with folded arms, gazing gloomily at his two children, who stood in a corner of the room, whispering to each other fearfully, and wondering why their father frowned so at them. He was not frowning at his children, however. Matthew Gray had fallen, but he had not yet acquired the ferocity which drink gives to some men. He had no desire to maltreat the offspring God had given him.

They were pretty children—a girl and a boy, respectively four and five years of age. The boy was the elder, and a most intelligent little fellow. His wistful blue eyes unconsciously shot keen arrows of reproach at his unhappy father as he looked at him that day.

"Jane, I can't stand it!" said Matthew Gray, rising hurriedly. "If things go on as they are, I shall kill myself."

"Don't talk so wickedly, Mat," said Jane, laying her hands upon his shoulders. "Your life was given for you to use to the glory of God. It is not your own to take away."

"And of what use is my life to me, or to any one?" he asked.

"It would be of use and a blessing to many," replied his wife, "if you gave up drink."

"Ay! there it is," rejoined Matthew. "I wish I could give it up. And if I could only feel always as I do now it could be done; but I know as soon as I try to settle to my bench I shall have a thirst upon me, and out I shall go."

"If I sat with you, Mat," she said, "do you think you could overcome it?"

"I'll try, Jane; but I've doubts of it."

They went upstairs together, and Matthew began his preparations for his day's work. Business had not entirely fallen away from him, and he had enough to do for that day at least. At first he seemed resolute, and drew up his stool and sat down. He took a tool in his hand and paused. Jane saw what was coming, and put herself between him and the door.

"It's a-coming on me," he said, hoarsely; "I must have one glass."

"No, no," she cried; "keep, here, Mat. It may break the chains, and with God's help they shall never be round you again."

"I can't bear with it any longer," he said, rising, "I'm all to pieces. Let me go; I'll come back surely when I've had one glass."

"No, Mat, it can't be," cried Jane.

"I shall break past you," he said, advancing, "and begone, unless———" he paused, as if some great thought had been suddenly given him—"unless you turn the key."

In a moment it was done. Jane, inspired with a new hope, closed the door, turned the key, and put it into her pocket.

"Now, Mat," she said, "I'll not let you have it. You must take it by force."

He sat down again trembling. The temptation to do so was upon him. For an instant the horrible idea trembled in the balance. His wife understood all. "O merciful Father!" she murmured, "spare him, for our blessed Redeemer's sake." The prayer was breathed, and the answer came. Matthew Gray turned, and resting his elbows upon the bench, buried his face in his hands. Great drops of perspiration fell from his brow.

Jane said nothing to him then. Nor when he suddenly began his labors did she speak. A good half-hour had elapsed before a word passed between them.

"Jane," he said, suddenly, "I nearly did it."

He did not specify what "it" was, there was no need to do so. Jane, in reply, quietly said—"It was a merciful God who spared you."

No reproach, no suggestion as to what her own sufferings would have been, no threat as to what she would have done had he so far forgotten his manhood. He drew his hand across his eyes and came over and kissed her.

"Jane," he said, "the thirst is leaving me. You shall come up every morning and turn the key."

"So I will, Mat," she replied, "until you can turn it yourself."

"I fear that it will be many a day before I do that," he answered, sadly.

"If you will listen to me," Jane replied, "you shall do it to-morrow."

He looked at her incredulously; but she met his look with a hopeful smile. "Mat," she said, "it was prayer that saved you from striking me. Indeed, it was that, and nothing else. If you doubt me, kneel down now, and see what strength will come of it."

"But I can't pray," he said; "I haven't done such a thing since I was a boy. I don't know a prayer. I've near forgot even that which I learnt at my mother's knee."

"Kneel." she said—"be earnest; give yourself up to thoughts of your Saviour, and power to pray will come."

Husband and wife were in that room for two hours together. God heard their prayers. The little children were called up to play in the "shop," as Matthew called his attic. They came wonderingly, and the boy on entering put a question which was unconsciously another arrow.

"Isn't father going out to-day?"

"Oh no," replied his mother; "father is going to work, and you must play quietly."

"I am so glad," said the boy; "ain't you, Jenny?"

Jenny lisped her gladness, and they both promised not to disturb their father at work, and Jane went down to her household duties. When she was gone the children experienced yet another surprise. Their father called them over and fondled them. He had never been unkind, but since he had taken to drink, he had not been very demonstrative of affection. The boy, looking up, saw tears in his father's eyes.

"Father," he said, "why are you crying?"

"Don't be afraid, darling," was the reply; "I am crying because I am so happy."

It was new to the boy to learn that there were tears of joy, and he looked somewhat doubtingly; but he was soon convinced of the truth of what his father said by seeing smiles upon a face which for a long time had only worn gloomy frowns.

"Oh! I'm so glad," he said and clapped his little hands.

A great victory had been won; but the strife was not yet over. The cravings for drink are not easily stifled. Matthew Gray felt the direful sinking which follows the sudden abandonment of alcohol, and thought he was dying.

"Jane," he said to his wife, when she brought his dinner upstairs, "I'm dreadfully low. I think I ought to leave it off gradually."

"No, no," she said—"no more drink. Eat your dinner; it will do you more good."

"Turn the key," he said, with a resolution hitherto foreign to him. Jane did so, and he sat down to his meal.

At first he felt as if he could not touch it; but his wife pressed him to eat a little against his will. He did so. Appetite came, and he ate a good meal, although not a very hearty one.

He went out for a walk that evening with his wife and children, and whenever they approached a public-house his face told of the struggle within; but Jane whispered in his ear, "Turn the key," and they went on. He returned home without having fallen before his old enemy.

The next morning Jane, ever watchful, was awake and up early, and having put the house to rights, so as to be ready to aid him in what she knew would be another great struggle, aroused Matthew, who awoke and wondered at first why his tongue was not so parched as usual, and why his head was not like a block of stone.

The reason for the change was soon made clear. Husband and wife knelt down and prayed together, at first aloud and then in silence. Next came breakfast, plain but wholesome, and of this Matthew was able to partake with a zest he had not known for two or three years.

"It is a new life," he said, as he arose.

"Now go up to work," said Jane, "and turn the key yourself. You know where to ask for strength to do so. Our Redeemer will not fail you."

He went, and in a few minutes she softly followed, and listened outside the closed door. He was pacing to and fro, and she knew the key was not yet turned. The second struggle was going on. There was a pause, and a soft sound, as of one sinking on his knees. The anxious, loving wife sank down too; and with clasped hands asked in her heart for aid.

A movement within arrested her outpouring; a hasty footstep approached the door, and the key was turned.

The dim, narrow staircase was full of light as she stole softly down. The fight was now over and the victory won. An answer to the prayer of herself and husband had been vouchsafed.

Matthew Gray kept the door locked until his wife came up with his midday meal. He was rather pale and quiet, but he was very happy.

"Jane," he said, "God has given me strength. I have turned the key, and, by God's help, I will never touch a drop of the poison again."

"May our merciful Father support you in your resolution," said Jane, to which Matthew responded "Amen."

He was supported, and is supported still. The key was turned upon his bane, and alcohol has never been admitted since. Sober and wiser and happier, Matthew Gray lives in his new home—the same house, but a new home—with a different wife and children, but differing only in their happiness, which came with the resolve of the husband and father.

Matthew turned the key, and was not ashamed of it. He spoke of it among his neighbors—not in any boastful spirit, but as an humble acknowledgment of the mercy vouchsafed to him, and points to the change in his abode as a proof of the blessing of that turning.

They may call him "Turn the key," and laugh at him, and he will on his own behalf laugh back again; but he looks sad, too, for their sake. And yet he has cause for rejoicing on the behalf of a few who have, by God's help, wisely followed his example, and "turned the key" upon the fatal habit of drinking.—*British Workman.*

CAUSE OF DRUNKENNESS.

At a public meeting in Penrith Sir Wilfrid Lawson remarked. If we are to get rid of drunkenness we are to get to the cause of drunkenness. A generation ago this subject of intemperance was mooted in the House of Commons. Mr. Silk Buckingham moved for a committee to enquire into the cause of the intemperance. It was pooh-poohed by the Ministry of the day, which was a Liberal Ministry, and Lord Althorpe got up and said, "What is the use of a committee to go into the cause of drunkenness? Everybody knows that the cause is drinking." The House of Commons laughed, but it was perfectly true. You said, Mr. Chairman, perhaps bad water, and bad light, and bad dwellings had something to do with it. Perhaps they have, but nobody ever got drunk on bad water; nobody ever got drunk on bad light; nobody ever got drunk by sitting in a bad dwelling. It is only by drinking that drunkenness is caused. You meant that people in such circumstances were pre-disposed to consume drink, and it is the greater shame to put it in their way. Some drink because it is the custom, others because it gives you good health and makes you strong. All sorts of reasons of that kind are given. I will tell you a story to illustrate it. Once on a cold frosty day there came into a public-house a man who had been running fast. He said "Landlord, bring me a glass of whiskey, I am so hot!" By and by a man who had been driving a cart came in shivering, "He said "Bring me a glass of whiskey, I am so cold." Then a shrewd old Quaker who had been sitting beside the fire said, "Landlord, bring me a glass of whiskey because I like it." That is the reason you all drink, and you know it in your hearts as well as I can tell you. It is because of this tendency to drink when the appetite is excited that I say it is not good policy on the part of our Government to scatter temptation on all hands in the way of all those people.

THE CURSE OF LITTLE CIGARS.—The youth of America are cursed by no one thing as much as by little cigars. These miniature cigars are in their mouths all over the land. They see their elders smoking the larger, longer, more costly kind. They say, "Father smokes, so do I smoke." O sadness! O sorrow! O pain! Banish them from your lips, O men and fathers! The children are your copies, your imitators, your echoes. Save them by abstinence yourselves from the weed as from the cup. Note the evil of cigarettes; discountenance and banish it if possible. Put them away, boys. Touch them not. Let no one of them defile your lips. All your mothers and sisters, I know, say, Amen. Your brothers and fathers would say Amen also, but for the appetite for lusts that enslave.—*Watchman.*

Agricultural Department.

AGRICULTURAL MATTERS.

UNSALTED BUTTER—A PREPARATION WHICH PRESERVES IT FOR MONTHS.

A short time since we referred to the increased use of unsalted butter in this country, and as a sequel to what was then said it may be well to call attention to the circumstance that a process has recently been invented in England by which butter of this kind can be kept certainly for months and possibly for years without apparent deterioration. An experiment made proved that fresh butter when treated with this preservative could remain exposed to the action of the air for three months, and at the end of that time it was hardly possible to detect the difference between it and the newly made article. Some experts at butter testing, it is said, thought that it lacked something of the aroma which butter fresh from the dairy possesses, and that an exceedingly slight trace of salt in it would impart to it more character. But for all practical purposes the article at the end of three months was as good as at the beginning, although under ordinary conditions it would have been considered unfit for eating at the end of ten days. The "preparation," as it is called, by the use of which this result is obtained, is at present a secret. It is an odorless, tasteless and harmless antiseptic, and has also the merit of exceeding cheapness; so much so that the quantity needed to preserve a pound of butter costs in England about half a penny. It is worked into the butter directly after churning, and then all that is required is that the manufactured article should be kept in a tolerably cool place. The change which this discovery promises to bring about can hardly fail to be an important one, as it will tend to equalize the cost of the best table butter through the entire year. Hitherto, in the winter months, the price of even mildly salted butter has been high, for the reason that that made in the summer for winter consumption could only be kept pure by the admixture of a large quantity of salt. The same is true of what is known as cooking butter, which, as it is frequently made in an hurried and imperfect manner, is only checked from early putrefaction by the excessive use of saline preservative. Now, if salt is no longer necessary, butter may be good or poor, but in either case its merits of faults will not need to be disguised under a covering of salt. It is also intimated that the same preparation can be applied to the preserving of fresh meat, and if this proves to be true, its effect upon the trade and dietary customs of the world will make the discovery one of the most important of the century.—*N. Y. Times.*

ENGLISH COMMENTS ON AMERICAN HORSES—THE DIFFERENT QUALIFICATIONS REQUIRED.

The business of exporting horses so successfully begun in this country, fortunately meets with favor in England. The following remarks from the *English Live Stock Journal*, may be both interesting and instructive, as pointing out a needed improvement in our stock of horses. Our horses are too light for much of the English heavy work. In England, tools and vehicles are heavy and clumsy, and require heavy animals to move them. English riders, too, are in general more corpulent than Americans, and a saddle horse needed for that country must have stout limbs, strong back and shoulders; points which have been neglected in the breeding of our trotting or road horses. Our road horses are unexcelled. Our English contemporary has the following to say on this question: "Of late a considerable trade has been done in importing horses from the United States and Canada. The North Metropolitan tramway imported more than a thousand. They were full of quality, with fair, and in some specimens fine action. There were pairs well worth $750 to a dealer, but they have not weight enough for tramwork, and are being superseded by the French horse of the class so largely used for the last five years by the London Omnibus Company. Unless the recent fall in prices stops the trade, the United States will send us a great many high-class horses—of the sort Yorkshire used to breed. In the States they have plenty of mares of the right stamp for hunters, hacks and harness; they have thoroughbred sires to keep up quality; they have boundless pastures of good grass and maize at a very cheap rate. On the other hand, they have no idea of the proper make, shape and action of a riding horse, or of breaking for saddle. All their horse talent has been directed to producing fast trotting harness horses; these they understand perfectly. But they are the quickest people in the world to learn a new trade if it pays. They will learn to pick out mares and sires with riding shoulders and strong backs, thighs and hocks. Their horses have size, quality, good temper, and sound constitutions to start with. With these advantages the Americans will soon fill up the blank in horse stock created by the competition of beef and mutton in Yorkshire and in Ireland."

SANITARY MANAGEMENT OF SWINE.

One great fault in the management is to keep too many hogs together in one shed or inclosure. From want of proper protection in the way of housing, hogs are very apt to crowd together in bunches during cold weather; and, coming into the sheds wet and dirty, and being obliged to lie either on old and filthy straw bedding or on a wet and damp floor, their sweating and steaming soon produces a foul atmosphere, and the bedding, not being removed at proper intervals, gets rotten, and adds to the contamination of the air. Being thus packed together in the building, the hogs, in a warm and perspiring condition, are next exposed to the influence of cold winds and wet, by being turned out in the morning hours to run in the field among grass wet with cold dew or from rain or hoar-frost, or to be fed from troughs in the yard. Among the common consequences are, congestion, cold or catarrh, and if the so-called hog cholera happens to be prevailing, they are almost certain of becoming affected with that disease, as their system under such management, is rendered predisposed or susceptible thereto. In many places the hogs are kept in miserable sheds, no provision being made for proper drainage, the ground sloping towards the sheds, which, frequently being unpaved, or without proper flooring, are constantly damp and wet, with pools of urine and filth abounding, and with wind and sleet approaching from all quarters. In proportion as the standard of breeding has become higher, so has the vital force, energy and hardiness become lessened; and the effects of improper quantity and quality of food, filthy or stagnant water, faulty construction of houses, and undue exposure to atmospheric influences, have become proportionately more baneful.—*National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.*

TAKE PRIDE IN THE FARM.

As a rule we find those of our farmers who study to make farm life attractive to those at home, have little if any difficulty to determine the calling which their children are desirous of following.

We have not failed to notice that the farmer who has his work done in its proper season; his buildings tidy and neat; the grounds around his dwelling adorned with shrubs and flowers; good stock in his barns; and home made cheerful and pleasant, does not fail to attract others to his profession and is almost certain to interest all those by whom he is surrounded in the ordinary work of farm life.

In the minds of his children are impressed the proper ideal of farm life and the important bearing which general agriculture has upon the best interests of their county. The dignity of labor is never questioned; its importance is well understood and the thought of leaving the farm for any other occupation scarcely, if ever occurs to them.

Farmers should take pride in their farms, remembering that much depends upon them as to whether their children shall follow their calling or not; by all means give them good books to peruse during the leisure of their winter evenings; while agricultural periodicals and papers are a necessity that none can afford to do without.—*Maritime Farmer.*

GOOD DAIRY STOCK.—A correspondent of the Boston *Cultivator* writes that he became acquainted with the "Guenon" method of judging the milking qualities of cows some ten years ago and has never known the signs to fail. He describes the signs as follows: "The mark or indication as laid down by M. Guenon which in a heifer gives promise of being a good milker, and insures it in a cow, is the cow-lick or downward growth of the hair—'scutcheon,' as it is called—immediately under the tail, which in an extra milker not only extends from the urinal passage downward to the bag, but spreads out over the inside of the thighs, and is correspondingly large. The larger and wider the mark, the greater the surety of the animal being an excellent milker. According as it is long and wide or short and narrow, it is, moreover, indicative of a longer or shorter duration of the yield of milk. If the first, a cow will give milk in large quantities and close up to calving; if the last, she will, when the mark is very small, in a few months after calving, fall off rapidly in her milk, even when up to her knees in clover, as I know to have been the case in two instances in my own observation."

FARMER'S WORKSHOP.—Every farmer should have a room, large or small, provided with a bench and vise, where many little jobs may be done that cost money if carried to the mechanic, and often hinder the farmer more than the money cost of the job. If such a room can take a small stove, where a fire can be kept in cold days, it will pay many times the cost of fitting up with a bench and a few tools. The boys, too, will enjoy such a workshop, and will not be any more likely to leave the farm, for having room provided for their accommodation or amusement on rainy days. Many farmers do much of their own carpenter work, such as the repairs on buildings, mending farm implements and tools, and even building new work, when they are any way handy with tools. With a little previous planning and getting ready in the fall, a good deal of building and repairing might be done during the winter season, while the farmer's time is less valuable than in midsummer.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A WORD TO FARMERS' SONS.—Farmers' sons are quite apt to suppose that they can only attain to any coveted position in life through the avenue of some trade or profession. They look about and find the wealthy men nearly all belonging to these classes. They do not stop to consider that only the wealthy ones come to view; that for every one of these who has acquired wealth or distinction, ninety-nine others have failed and disappeared, or have never risen to notice at all. They act on the belief that they are the only persons that can be called into public life, ignoring the fact that it is the training they get that constitutes the difference, rather than the calling. A farmer of equal learning and culture with the lawyer would, we believe, find himself in just as good request, with perhaps many chances in his favor. If the farmer allows the professional man to monopolize all the advantages at the start he must expect to find himself at a disadvantage all the way through.—*N. E. Homestead.*

SULPHUR FOR SHEEP.—An exchange says: Mix a little sulphur with salt, and feed occasionally to sheep. It will effectually cure sheep of all ticks. The same remedy applied to cattle troubled with lice, will soon rid them of the vermin. The use of sulphur with salt, well repays the trouble of keeping a supply for cattle and sheep. If a mixture of one part of sulphur with seven of salt, be freely supplied, there will be no trouble with vermin. You can give horses the mixture with good effect.

A ROUGH COATED HORSE.—A rough, strong coat upon a horse is a symptom of ill-health. A change of food is often sufficient to restore the smoothness of the coat. Boiled oats or scalded bran, with a few handfuls of linseed meal mixed in, and fed cold, may be given along with some mild alternative or tonic medicine, such as half an ounce of sulphur or one dram of copperas daily in the food.

PLANTS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.—It seems to be well settled by physiologists that a few growing plants in a sleeping room are not unwholesome. It is as well settled that cut flowers in a sleeping room are unwholesome. They emit noxious gases.

DOMESTIC.

THE HANDS AND FEET.

Mothers, let me urge you to look carefully after the comfort of the limbs and extremities of your children. The blood easily flows through the larger blood-vessels, and is easily driven from the surface and the extremities at this season of the year, often producing serious derangement of the internal organs, with more or less congestion of these organs. There is but little danger as far as the boys are concerned, since "rough boys" are generally warmly clad, the thick boots, rubbers, warm pants and jackets looking well enough for such boys, while they are allowed to run as awkwardly and rapidly as may suit their convenience, but not so with the girls—the average girls. But since these girls are not more hardy than the boys, it is folly, nay, worse, cruelty, to allow them to attend their brothers to and from the school with about one-half of the protection for their limbs. The kid shoe or boot, the thin hose and the usual covering for the limbs by no means equal those worn by the boys. Let these tender girls—the future mothers, and what mothers some will make!—wear warm woollen leggings, thick beaver-cloth boots, having the arms, wrists and hands equally well protected, a part of these to be removed in the school-room. Let them be comfortable. Then we may expect less of headaches, fewer attacks of the croup, diphtheria, sore throats and kindred ailments. Girls are as valuable as boys, and deserve as good care, and yet they do not receive it, as a whole. If the limbs are sufficiently protected, the body will demand less attention, since coldness of the extremities will so derange the circulation of the blood as to derange the whole system. —*Watchman.*

RICE CAKE.—One very nice supper-sweet is rice cakes made as follows:—Get some plain rice, wash it, and boil till it is quite tender; drain, and mix it with some eggs well-beaten up in milk, in the same proportion as used for making ordinary custard. This can be flavored with vanilla, bay-leaves, essence of almonds, or with lemon-peel—this latter flavor being best obtained by rubbing lumps of sugar on the rind of a lemon and afterwards dissolving the sugar in the milk. Put the rice into with the custard, into a tin to bake, first of all taking the usual precaution to butter the tin. A large square tin is best, so that the rice cake, when baked, will be about an inch thick. The process of baking will harden the cake, which can be turned out whole when cold, but not before, and can then be cut into any shape desired. You can make round cakes with a cutter (but this is wasteful), or square cakes by simply cutting with a knife. Perhaps the best way is to cut them into strips, which can be piled up like children build a tower with toy bricks. The cakes and strips are best ornamented with jam and marmalade, laying on streaks of alternate colors. These cakes look very pretty, and have the advantage of being very light and wholesome.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

TO REMOVE INK FROM CARPETS.—When freshly-spilled, ink can be removed from carpets by wetting in milk. Take cotton batting and soak up all the ink that it will receive, being careful not to let it spread. Then take fresh cotton wet in milk, and sop it up carefully. Repeat this operation, changing cotton and milk each time. After most of the ink has been taken up in this way, with fresh cotton and clear water, rub the spot. Continue until all disappears; then wash the spot in clean warm water and a little soap, rinse in clean water, and rub until nearly dry. For ink spots on marble, wood, or paper, apply ammonia clear; just wetting the spot repeatedly till the ink disappears.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Cut nice, ripe, smooth fruit in two; lay them in a dripping-pan, in which a small piece of butter has been melted, placing the skin side down. Set over a brisk fire. When the under side is brown take them off the fire. Have an earthen baking-dish, in which place them, skin side down, one at a time, being careful not to break them. In each one put a small piece of butter, a little salt and pepper, and dredge a small portion of flour over all. Place in a slow oven and bake three hours. When done, carefully place one at a time on the dish on which you wish to serve them, and send hot to table. This is a most excellent dish.—*Am. Cultivator.*

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

"I'll go and see what can be done," he said to himself.

It was three hours since Hagar and her baby had been admitted into the accident ward of the hospital. But the baby had been carried at once to the dead room, and Abbott was told that it was very doubtful if the woman would recover. There was no clue to her name or dwelling-place, and he could give no information about her. But when they asked him what must be done with the dead body of the child, and he looked down at the puny, wasted frame and the small white face, the tears that had been smarting under his eyelids filled his eyes as if he had been gazing on his mother's dear features.

"I've a funeral from my house," he said, "and the coffin shall be made a little larger for the little creature. Perhaps the mother would fret over it being buried by the parish, if she comes to herself and asks after it. Send the baby to my house."

So when Abbott's mother was laid in a coffin, her snow-white hair braided softly against her withered face, the little unknown child was placed beside her with its tiny head resting on her arm. The neighbors, who came in to see, said it was like Abbott and his mother, ever ready to give help and shelter to the friendless and homeless. The dead woman was sharing even her coffin and her grave with one who had no claim upon her, except that of being a child of the same heavenly Father.

CHAP. V.—FORSAKEN.

There had been no break in Abbott's mode of life, excepting for the one day of the funeral; he went on travelling down to Birkenhead one day, and coming back the next, but everything seemed changed and saddened to him. There were many faces of travellers recognized from seeing them time after time; he exchanged friendly greetings, and gave kindly service to many whose names he did not know; but there was no longer a home for him. To go back to his rooms his mother had left empty was dreary and joyless. It grew yet more solitary when all his mother's little possessions were given away, in accordance with her own wishes, among several poor acquaintances. For what would be the use, she had asked him cheerfully, of keeping her gowns and shawls and underclothing till they were all rotten and moth-eaten, while there were so many poor folks needing them, with the winter coming on, when they would be more valuable? Yet it gave Abbott a pang to see his mother's shawl and bonnet worn on a Sunday before his own eyes by a woman who was no more like his mother, he said to himself, than a wayside weed is like a garden flower. He had never thought how sorely he should miss her.

Every other day, when he returned to Paddington, he did not fail to enquire at the hospital close by, after the unknown, miserable woman who was lying there in a long hand-to-hand conflict with death. There had been a concussion of the brain, and she had been unconscious for some days; even when she had somewhat recovered, the physician would not suffer her to be excited by being questioned, or told of her baby's death. There was no clue as yet to her name and history.

"Tell her that Abbott's been asking after her," he said, as soon as they told him she was conscious; "not that she knows me, but it will be a pleasant thing to her to think that anybody cares how she's going on. There's nobody else but me to ask after her, and she isn't quite strange to me since her child was buried in my mother's coffin."

It was several days before Hagar could understand the message, which was uttered very slowly and distinctly to her by the nurse: "Abbott has been asking for you." She lay quite still, answering nothing and gazing with dim eyes into the nurse's face. "Abbott has been asking for you." They were the first words with meaning in them which reached her bewildered brain. By-and-by, as she grew stronger, and her memory returned, she slowly pieced together the fragments of things remembered so as to begin to understand that an accident had happened to her, and that she was in an hospital. But who Abbott was she did not know; yet there was a feeling of comfort conveyed to her every time she received his friendly message. She was a very silent patient, lying motionless and speechless for hours, with her dark eyes almost closed, and scarcely a look of life about her. Her mind was busily at work, however, groping about the darkened chambers of her brain and recalling all her past career, from which she had been suddenly separated by a long interval of unconsciousness.

"I had a little baby," she muttered, half-aloud, and the nurse, who was near to her, happened to overhear her.

"Yes, my poor dear," she said, kindly; "when you were knocked down and injured so by a cab, you had a little baby in your arms."

"Where is she?" asked Hagar.

"It's where it will never know want any more," answered the nurse, laying her hand gently on Hagar's throbbing head; "never be cold any more, or hungry again. It's with Jesus, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Your baby is in heaven, my dear."

Hagar neither spoke nor wept; her thoughts were too busy for either words or tears. Baby was dead, and in heaven; but where was her old blind father and little Dot? Something kept her back from asking the nurse, who, after lingering beside her for a few seconds, went on to another patient, more clamorous for attention. Hagar's mind had gone back to the moment when she had been knocked down, and felt the horse's hoofs upon her; then it had travelled still further back to the terrible night in Kensington Gardens. Then, suddenly, as if a vivid flash of lightning had shot across the darkness of a midnight sky, she seemed to see her father and Dot standing helplessly and forlornly under the leafless trees, as she had seen them last

"I forsook them," she cried, starting up in bed, and speaking in a loud and bitter tone; "I forsook them, and now I'm forsaken. God has taken away my baby, and I'm left alone!"

When Abbott called the next day, he was told that the unfortunate, unknown woman he enquired after was delirious, and little hope was felt for her life. Was the parish to bury her in the event of her death? He was the only person interested in her fate, and the question was referred to him.

"I've never seen her," he said, poor creature! and it's foolish of me, perhaps; but no! I can't leave her to be buried like a stray dog that nobody owns I'd have liked to know something about her, though; but she'd have been alive yet, maybe, but for me taking a cab that morning. Leave it to me; I'll see she's buried decently."

But Hagar rallied again, though it seemed harder and more up-hill work to recover a second time. Very slowly and lingeringly she grew better, and most of the beds in the ward changed occupants more than once before she was well enough to receive a visit from Abbott, whose messages, faithfully delivered day by day, had comforted her with the feeling that she still had a friend in the outside world. It was on the first Sunday in the year, and the ward was crowded with the friends of the patients, all quiet and conversing in whispers, when the nurse told Hagar that Abbott was come to see her. She lifted up her eyes, and looked enquiringly at the tall, strong man, whose grave face met her gaze with an expression of friendly concern.

"I'm Abbott," he said—"the man whose cab knocked you down. I'm come to see what I can do for you, what amends I can make. My dear mother lay dying, and I was hurrying to get to her in time. It was a very foggy morning, and the driver did not see you."

"Did you get in time?" asked Hagar, faintly; "was your mother dead?"

"No, thank God!" he replied; "I was just in time; we said good-bye to one another. You know your little baby also died that same morning?"

Hagar's lips quivered as she nodded her head in silence.

"Yes," he said softly, "that same morning the little blossom died; so I had it buried with her in the same coffin. We could not ask your leave; but you wouldn't have said no to that?"

The tears were stealing down Hagar's cheeks, but there was almost a smile upon her white face.

"Oh, it was good of you," she murmured.

"Now, he said," after a little silence, and he spoke in a more cheerful and quicker tone, "let us know something about you. You've been lying here like a poor, dumb creature that can't give any account of itself. Nobody knows your name, or where you came from; and your friends must think you are dead. There has been no one to ask after you save me. You will be well enough to be discharged in a week or two. Let me find your friends for you, or let me write to them."

"I haven't got a friend in the world," she answered; I'm quite alone. Even God has forsaken me."

"No, no," he said, earnestly, "that is impossible; nobody is ever forsaken. You must not say that of God. But you had a home once?"

"Yes," she replied, "I had a home once, a happy home, and a husband, and two little children, and an old, blind father, that I'd never left. But they are all lost, all lost and gone."

"No one left?" he said, in a voice of deep compassion, that seemed to open her heart and lips, as she looked up into his pitying face with tearful eyes.

"Not one!" she cried. "I was going to drown myself if I dared. But there's always a judgment after death, and I was afraid of that. God is angry with those that go before He calls them Himself, and I was afraid, though I longed to die. I'm afraid of getting well now, and being turned out into the cold streets. What is to become of me? Where am I to go?"

She was getting excited, and her voice was growing high and shrill. The nurse came to the side of the bed, and shook her head warningly at Abbott.

"There, then!" he said, soothingly, "don't be afraid, think of me as your friend. I'll prepare a place for you when you're well enough to leave the hospital. If my dear mother was living, it

would be a joy for her to come and see you and take you home with her. But there, be content. Nobody is ever really forsaken."

"God has forsaken me!" she answered.

"That is impossible," he said, again; "you are wrong in speaking so of God, your Father and my Father. Have you never heard what he says in His own book, 'Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me?' That is exactly what you are thinking in your own mind?"

"Yes," answered Hagar eagerly.

"Ah!" he continued, smiling down upon her, "and now listen to what the Lord says to that: 'Can a woman forget her child? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

But as he spoke these words in a glad voice, Hagar's face grew terrified and shocked. "Yes! I did forget!" she cried, in a loud key, which startled the quiet ward. Then she broke into a passion of sobs and tears, which shook her feeble frame sorely, and the nurse coming up quickly, bade Abbott in a sharp and angry tone to be gone at once.

CHAP. VI.—MRS. CLACK'S DIFFICULTIES.

Mrs. Clack felt herself very much put about and embarrassed by the presence of a man in her house. Old Lister had slept on Don's flock mattress in the coach-house below her dwelling-room, and Dot in her own bed beside her; but now Don had left the blind man in her charge while he was away at his daily work, and she did not know what to do with him. True, he was an old man, and blind, but he was as strange and almost as dread a creature to her as if Don had brought one of the wild beasts from the Zoological Gardens to find a shelter in her quiet little home. She knew almost nothing of man and his ways. Though she called herself Mrs. Clack on her business cards, she had no actual claim to the title, for she was a single woman. She had been reared and trained in a small orphanage in the country, where sixteen orphan girls were brought up in strict seclusion, never seeing any man nearer than the aged clergyman, who preached to them with the rest of his small congregation from the pulpit of the village church. She had never known her father, and she had had neither brother nor husband. Her first business had been that of a seamstress and dressmaker, mostly for servants, but as her sight began to fail her somewhat, she had taken to buying old wardrobes, ladies' wardrobes chiefly, which after mending and renewing, she could sell again to her large circle of customers among the servant women and mechanics' wives in her neighborhood. Thus her whole experience of life had been strictly confined to the woman's side of it.

Mrs. Clack was a quiet, small timid person, who seldom spoke above a faint under-tone, as if all she had to say partook of the nature of a secret. Even in her own house she seemed to make herself as small as possible, and to take up as little room as she could. To have a man there, who spoke in a loud, deep voice, and who stretched his legs right across her narrow hearth, blocking up the way to the fire, was the heaviest trial that could have befallen her. She said to herself she would rather have been laid low in sickness.

"It is a cross, a heavy cross!" she murmured between her teeth, as she stood in the furthest corner of the small room, watching old Lister fumbling about the table at the breakfast she had put ready for him. Dot had taken her breakfast sitting comfortably on Mrs. Clack's lap, close by the fire, and now she was amusing herself by playing at hide-and-seek amongst the clothed bed-posts of the bed where she had slept as soundly as children sleep, whilst the little woman beside her had lain awake all night, fearful of disturbing her if she so much as stirred. But the heavy cross was old Lister not the little child.

"Ma'am!" he cried suddenly, so suddenly that her heart began to beat rapidly, and her hands to tremble. "Ma'am, I must visit the Gardens at once. My daughter Hagar will no doubt be seeking me there."

"Yes, sir, yes," she answered, in a nervous tremor.

"I must trouble you to guide me then," he continued."

"Me!" she cried in alarm; me!"

She could not recollect ever having had to walk beside a man, and to guide one, holding him by the hand, or having his arm in hers, seemed an impossibility Old Lister had risen as he spoke, and was now groping helplessly about the room in his blindness, looking more than ever in her eyes like some caged wild beast. But there was no one else to give him a guiding hand, and she stepped nervously to his aid.

A NEW PLEASURE.

"Dear! dear!" she murmured, "this is a cross."

There was a degree of excitement, however, in the doing of this new and strange service to a man, which was not altogether disagreeable, though she was trembling with agitation. Don was gone out for the whole day, so she was bound to wait upon him herself. But by the time she had brought him his old hat, and his shabby, threadbare overcoat and found his walking-stick for him, it seemed less impossible for her to guide him down the narrow staircase, and through the court into the street, where she trusted to meeting with some boy who for a few half-pence would lead him to the Gardens, and bring him back if his daughter should not happen to be there.

There was a lame boy, who went about upon crutches, and who was glad enough to take charge of the old man for a small payment, to be paid when he came back. Mrs. Clack kissed little Dot, and shook hands with old Lister, bidding them good-bye, on the chance of never seeing them again, though they were to come in, in time for dinner, if Hagar did not meet with them. It was just such a day as the day before, sunless and foggy; the air was damp and chill, and as the three wayfarers crept along with slow and difficult steps, the cold seemed to wrap them round in an icy mantle. Old Lister was very silent, save that from time to time he asked his guide anxiously if he could not see a tall, young woman, with a baby in her arms, looking as if she was searching for somebody. Each time that the lame boy answered "No," he sighed heavily, and for a minute or two pushed on as quickly as the lad's crutches could carry him. Little Dott trotted with short footsteps beside them, patient and quiet, as only young children are who are used to cold and want, and do not know that life has anything better to give them; but even Dot now and then cried softly, and asked if nobody could carry her just a little bit. But how could a blind old man and a boy on crutches bear the burden of a little child?

"My daughter Hagar is bound to be searching for us," said old Lister again and again, half to himself, and half to his guide. He could not give up all hope, though he was fast sinking into despair; his daughter who had been faithful and dutiful to him all her life long, how could she have forsaken him now in his helpless old age? Yet there was a deep and very bitter dread in his inmost heart that she had left him to drift away on the sea of troubles which had been tossing them to and fro so long.

"Let's tell the p'lice," said the lame guide.

That was still something that could be done, and old Lister snatched at the straw of hope. They stopped every policeman they met, and he told his sad story to each, asking if he had not seen such a person as he described his daughter to be. But his description was misleading, as his blind eyes had never looked into her face and watched the changes time worked upon it At length, sadly and despondently, he allowed himself, late in the afternoon, to be led back to Mrs. Clack's.

(To be continued.)

IN TIMES OF AFFLICTION we commonly meet with the sweetest experiences of the love of God.—*Bunyan*

The Family Circle.

WHERE IS YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT?

Life is teeming with evil snares.
The gates of sin are wide,
The rosy fingers of pleasure wave,
And beckon the young inside.
Man of the world with open purse,
Seeking your own delight,
Pause ere reason is wholly gone—
Where is your boy to-night?

Sirens are singing on every hand,
Luring the ear of youth,
Gilded falsehood with silver notes
Drowneth the voice of truth.
Dainty ladies in costly robes,
Your parlors gleam with light,
Fate and beauty your senses steep—
Where is your boy to-night?

Tempting whispers of royal spoil
Flatter the youthful soul
Eagerly entering into life,
Restive of all control.
Needs are many, and duties stern
Crowd on the weary sight;
Father, buried in business cares,
Where is your boy to-night?

Pitfalls lurk in the flowery way,
Vice has a golden gate;
Who shall guide the unweary feet
Into the highway straight?
Patient worker, with willing hand,
Keeping the home hearth bright:
Tired mother, with tender eyes,
Where is your boy to-night?

Turn his feet from the evil paths
Ere they have entered in;
Keep him unspotted while yet he may;
Earth is so stained with sin;
Ere he has learned to follow wrong,
Teach him to love the right;
Watch ere watching is wholly vain—
Where is your boy to-night?

—*Selected*

THE CHILDREN'S HOME

BY HOWE BENNING.

If it had not been for a feather you might never have heard of Beulah Sharpe in your lives

It was just dusk, and two girls were going home from their work in the mill.

"I tell you ten dollars a week isn't bad, now is it?" the oldest, a coarse-looking girl was saying.

"I never made that in a week before," replied her companion. "I hardly know how to spend it."

"Pooh, you goose, I never have any trouble. I'm bound there shan't be a girl in Lincoln, not even Judge Perry's granddaughter, shall have nicer things than I do. Say, I paid eighty dollars for that new black silk of mine."

"Why, Joanna Baker!"

"True as preachin'. I'm going to have as fine things and good times as anybody you believe. Do you pay anything for board?"

"No, father said when I left school if I'd earn my clothes I might have my board, but I was eighteen last week, and I expect he'll think I might help some."

"You look after the children, that's enough, tell him. See here; I want you to see this."

They had come out on the principal street of their busy little town now, and were in front of the largest milliner shop. Here, in the one square window, every conceivable tint that could be worn from the seven prismatic colors, hung in the brilliant light in forms of feather, flower, or ribbon, and in the centre and brightest of all was a long blue plume with silvery floating tips, a lovely miracle of French art, not nature.

"Isn't that a beauty, Beulah Sharpe? And it's just what you want to go with your navy-blue suit. You'll make a sensation for once in your life. I'm going to order a black one. It's only ten dollars."

"Only ten dollars!" echoed Beulah.

"No, and it looks good for twenty. Go in and see."

But Beulah hung back. "I'll think of it."

"Pshaw! it'll be gone; get while you can is my motto."

"I never had anything half so lovely," hesitating.

"Don't stand at that window getting tempted to foolishness, Beulah Sharpe, but come home with me," said a strong, clear voice behind them. "It's a saving the pence that piles up the pounds in the pocket."

"Why didn't you speak to Joanna too, Betsy?" asked Beulah as they walked on.

"There's no use seekin' to draw water from an empty well," was the reply; "but you've sense when you bring it to the fore, and ye mind well where it it said in Holy Writ, 'He that gathereth in summer is a wise son,' and the other is a fool, mind ye that, Beulah Sharpe."

"Well, good night," said the girl, running up the stairs to her own home. "Hasn't father come yet, Agnes?" she asked of a slender-looking girl of fourteen.

"No, I wish he would, the potatoes are half spoiled now," was the fretful reply.

It was a very plain but not cheerless picture that little second-story home, with its clean floor, its few pictures on the white-washed walls, and its petunia in full bloom in the window-seat. The bright fire was very welcome after the evening chill, and the song of the tea-kettle and the aroma of baked potatoes very suggestive after a tin-pail dinner. On the old-fashioned settee a young girl of seven or eight was cutting paper-dolls and stroking the cat. Beyond the stove two doors opened into small bedrooms.

"Agnes is tired and cross to-night," came presently from the young miss on the lounge.

"I guess you'd be if you'd done what I have to-day," spoke the sister quickly. "The washing was dreadful, I never stopped a minute till just now. Everybody does get their clothes so dirty."

Beulah looked at her young sister with a pang of self-reproach. At her age she was in school full of plans of being a teacher, or a great scholar, or even a writer. One never knows what girls may turn out, least of all themselves. Then, two years later, came her mother's long sickness, and Beulah fired by a new ambition went into the factory to earn money. Then the mother died, and now for more that a year the home as we see it to-night with the girl housekeeper. It was hard. And just then Mr. Sharpe and Davy, a year older than Agnes, came in, and the family were at home.

"Your hand trembles, father," Beulah said, as he took his second cup of tea from her.

"Yes, I'm growing old," said the father patiently.

"Father ought not to work so evenings, it's enough for him to drive nails and plane all day," said Davy

"I wish you wouldn't, father," said Beulah.

Mr. Sharpe did not reply to that, but after a moment asked, "Did the coal come, Agnes?"

"Yes, sir; the man put it in the shed"

"Did he ask for the money?"

"Yes, sir; I told him what you said."

There was a little sigh as Mr. Sharpe set back his cup.

"The rent man's been here, too," volunteered Ida.

"You gave him that money, Agnes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nine dollars a month seems a good deal to pay for three upstairs rooms," remarked Davy.

"Get me the Bible, Ida," said her father, as they pushed back from table, "I am late to-night."

For this plain, quiet carpenter never forgot his Lord, in whose footsteps he humbly walked. The reading for that evening concluded with the words, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." And as he finished Mr. Sharpe said, "There's a comfort there for us. I used to hope more than anything to get a home for myself and children, but if I never do, and it's not likely I will now, we are as well off as the Saviour on earth, and that's enough for me." Then followed the simple prayer, and Mr. Sharpe, taking his hat, went off to "extra hours." Agnes and Ida washed the dishes and went to bed. Beulah sat down by the lamp to mend a rent Ida had got in playing tag that day. Davy was already there busy with slate and pencil, for he studied every evening.

"Did you notice what father said after reading to-night?" she asked at last.

"Yes," answered Davy, "poor father."

"Why?" said Beulah quickly.

"I'm afraid he's working too hard. See how thin and stooping he's grown. I tell you times are hard on a man this year. Wages low and money close."

"Davy, I earned ten dollars last week."

"Whew!" whistled the boy. "I wish I could. I'd stop his work evenings. I don't believe he'll live a year at this rate."

"You don't mean that, Davy?"

"I just do; see how he coughs nights."

"How much does he earn by extra hours?"

"About two dollars a week."

"I'll pay him that if he'll give it up."

"Good for you, he must."

Again silence on Beulah's part, slate and pencil on the boy's. Suddenly a start.

"How much did they say that coal bill was?"

"Nine dollars."

"Here's the money, run and pay it, will you?"

"That I will," and boy and bill were off together, the former back in a few minutes with a receipt.

"Good for sore eyes," he said, spreading it on the table.

"I'll keep it for father's then," said his sister.

Again silence as before, and again Beulah:

"Davy. do you suppose father feels so disappointed that he has not made that home he wanted?"

"Of course, terrible. Father means a thing, you know, when he says it."

A longer silence this time.

"Davy, we'll get the home for him."

The boy dropped his pencil. "How?"

"I don't know, we'll do it. No more gewgaws for me. My father's of more count than feathers. We'll do it, see if we don't."

"Hurrah for you?" shouted the boy under his breath, "but three dollars a week isn't very steep, and a fellow's clothes do wear out so, and I eat an awful sight."

"Never mind," said Beulah. "eat away, it'll come."

And that was the foundation of the new home. Every house has to have a foundation lower than the stone and mason-work. Sometimes it is a full pocket; here it was good will and love for the father, and best of all, I think, the prayer for help that went up from the side of Beulah's bed and that told in simple faith just what was wanted.

Joanna was highly offended to find that the coveted plume might hang in the window for all Beulah's purse, and her temper was not helped a few days later by seeing it on the dainty head of Judge Terry's daughter, and by Betsy's remark that it looked rather better coming out of those gates than a factory alley.

Another Monday Beulah and her ten dollars brought changes to the little home. Mr. Sharpe took his two dollars and a week-old paper and sat down with a very happy face for the evening. A stout Biddy had helped in the wash for three shillings. And then Beulah took an old stocking and tied up seven dollars in it, and Davy his quarter, and Agnes, who had been let into the wonderful secret, her five cents earned by some coarse trimming and the whole hid away for a nest-egg.

But it was wonderful what an interest in real estate began to be felt by these perspective holders. Davy was a grocer's boy, and in his frequent journeys about town became inspector in general of every square rod in the village limits, and as Beulah was out at four o'clock on Saturdays she almost always had to take a walk to inspect some place where he had found the welcome placard "For Sale." Sometimes the two girls got into an empty house and examined every closet and speculated on possibilities with the zest of regular house-hunters.

And regularly every month a snug addition was written down in their savings-bank book, for the stocking soon ceased to serve in that capacity. And at last the year came around, and in high glee they counted up two hundred and fifty-odd dollars, as their result. Of course if they could have put in as much every week as that first week it would have been more, but Beulah found as Davy that even the plainest clothes would wear out, and then that coal-bill experiment proved too pleasant not to be repeated sometimes.

"But I'm promoted now a dollar a week," said Davy, "so you may expect great things of me."

"But you're that much longer," said Agnes looking him over with a critical eye.

"And so you are afraid it will take it all to fill me up, are you?" asked her brother good-naturedly, and the conference broke up in a laugh.

"Seems to me you have lots of intimacies now-a-days," was injured Ida's remark.

Of Joanna, Beulah didn't see much now.

"She's getting too shabby for me," the former was heard to remark. "I want my friends up to times."

Another winter of work and saving, but when the birds began to set up their establishments in the spring-time, and the house-cleaning fever took possession of the matrons, these planners of ours began to bestir themselves in earnest.

"I do hope we shall have a down-stairs to our new house," pouted Agnes one morning from a journey to empty a pail.

"And a bay-window," dreamed Beulah out loud.

"What?" said the practical sister.

"Oh, I was only looking ahead," answered the other laughing. "But after all a window isn't as large as a house, and if we can get one why not the other? Anyway it looks well in my picture."

"Don't you think we had better buy land and let father build?" asked Davy.

"No, there must be a roof of some kind, and then he can fix all he likes, but he must have one moment in his life of whole enjoyment."

"Even if he has to tear down his roof the next," said Davy laughing. "What business talents you women possess," but after all he felt just the same.

And every day the prayer from Beulah's bedside grew more earnest and fuller of faith. And with the last of summer came another good answer. Their mother's father, who lived in a distant state, had died in the spring, and now there came to Davy, who was his namesake, a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, the result of a small investment made at his birth.

"What will you do with it, Davy?" asked his father.

"Leave it in the savings-bank until I can use it," answered the boy, with a smile for his sisters.

The first week of fall brought, as usual, a vacation in the mill for repairs.

"Now we must look," said Beulah.

"I believe I have found it, girls," said Davy dropping in, "the old Kent house is to be had for seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Beulah sank into a chair as if struck Everybody in L—— knew the old story and-a-half brown house standing just at the edge of the village, on a sunny slope whose grass bore the earliest tint of green in the spring, and played in the flickering leaf-shadows of summer, and caught the last smile of autumnal warmth, where a venerable spinster had lived and died alone. Now the heir was a wealthy man many miles away, and the tiny house under its two sheltering elms had only a market value for him. He wanted to dispose of it, and as Davy's employer was also a justice, it had been left in his hands, and before sunset the next day the bargain was made, seven hundred paid in cash, the rest by note, and the deed made out in Mr. Sharpe's name, and all this time not a whisper reached the ears of the new owner.

"How shall we surprise him!" asked Agnes.

To their joy they found that the next week he would be out in the country at work on a schoolhouse, and they laid their plans accordingly.

Tuesday morning he was off, promising to return on Thursday eve, and fifteen minutes later the three girls were on their way with pail and cloth and broom to the new home.

Oh, how delightful it looked in that fair September morning, with its sheltering elms locking their branches over the low roof—its broad, white door-stone in front, its tiny garden at the back, and at the sides six or eight apple-trees bending under their weight of luscious fruit, old-fashioned pound-sweets and seek-no-farther, and the like.

"I can't believe it," said Beulah, fitting the key.

"It's just like a fairy story," said Ida,

hopping on one foot. But she changed her mind before night about that.

There was the tiny entry with a square front room on each side, into whose south windows a wealth of sunlight was pouring now, revealing dust and cobwebs in abundance. The one at the right was the kitchen, and over its west windows a Virginia creeper hung full of purple fruit, and there was a side-door here too, under an apple-tree, with a path leading down to the spring. There was a little pantry and two bedrooms also, and up-stairs was simply divided into two parts under the roof.

"How he will enjoy finishing up this!" said Beulah.

As for themselves they made a busy day of it with soap and sand, and the next morning a wagon and Davy were on hand and Ida was supremely happy in the fact of "moving." That flitting and settling was not exactly as if there had been carpets to fit and mirrors to carry by hand. They were quite through by dark, and back, on the second-story door was tacked a note to "Isaac Sharpe, Esq.," inviting him to tea in the old Kent cottage.

Time fails to tell of the light bread, and white curtains, and countless steps of the next day. Evening came at last. The table was ready, from the stove came unusually savory odors, and at last, just as everybody was giving him up, the little gate opened, and the four flew out the door together and overwhelmed their father with chatter but not a word of explanation. While he washed the girls hurried on the supper and they sat down. The "thanks" were offered, and then Ida cried:

"Father, look under your plate."

Mr. Sharpe did so, but found only a long, folded paper. However he put on his spectacles "to see," and slowly read out the deed making over to him all interest in the late Kent property, and it was paid for.

"Children, what—" he began, and then he broke down, and the spectacles had to come off and a handkerchief take their place and then again they all talked at once and laughed and cried, and might have forgotten their supper entirely if Davy had not been along, who of course being a boy, never had a slip of memory on that subject.

"And Jim Baker is moving again to-day as well as me," the father said later on, "but, poor man, I'm afraid there'll never be such a surprise in store for him as for me to-night. Thank God for my children, and thank him too that to-night I can also say 'my home.'"

"And Davy," Beulah said afterwards, "I verily believe that if Betsy had not found me that night longing after that feather, and set me to thinking, this happy day might never have come to any of us," and in her heart she said "Thank God!" also.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SINNERS AGAINST THEIR OWN.

"Souls," the Bible has it, and there are multitudes of such sinners; but the saying might also appropriately be closed with the world "sons." How many sinners against their own sons are to be found in society! Our sins against his own sons by keeping intoxicating drinks in his house, using them himself, and teaching his sons to use them. No surer way could be devised for the training of boys to be saloon-hunters, loose characters, and finally intemperate. Many fathers have sons utterly lost long before middle age—sons concerning whom the only hope is that the grave will soon close over them.

Another sins against his own sons by setting before them the example of smoking tobacco an example which they are prone to copy, growing up hollow-cheeked and spindle legged; objects of pity to all who see them smoking on the streets. The father has given them an expensive, unwholesome and offensive habit for life, which if they are sensible, they will never cease to deplore.

A third sins against his own sons by showing a disregard for strict veracity and strict honesty. Lessons of the kind are easily learned and rapidly improved. Hence the number of boys whose word cannot be depended upon, and whose stealing of postage stamps or other property, is the cause of much anxiety and distrust to their employers. Who to trust is the difficult question and when the boy is found who can be sincerely trusted his prospect of rising in the world is good. Many boys sell all that prospect for less than Esau's mess of pottage.

There are many other ways in which fathers sin against their own sons, but we only mention one more here. How many fathers in taking a daily paper into their families care for the tastes and well-being of its various members? Does the average father ever give a thought to the subject? Is it not his own taste exclusively that he consults, and if that leads him to a lax journal, does he ever give a thought to the effect upon his sons of its pernicious advertising, long reports of dog fights, rat baits, cocking mains, pigeon-shooting matches, races, theatres, and the other attractive roads to ruin.—*N. Y. Witness.*

MINISTERIAL POPULARITY.

Among the cursed blessings that are conferred on preachers, is that popularity which makes them for the time the centre of attraction and the topic of general conversation. Out of a thousand or ten thousand ministers not more than two or three at any time are likely to be famous, and it will be a mercy if those do not speedily come to be infamous.

Most famous men are over-estimated, and their popularity causes unpleasant comparisons, breeds envy and distrust, leads to criticism, slander and fault-finding; causes every error to be magnified, and every fault to be proclaimed; and if in some unexpected hour the praised and flattered pet of society shows himself to be a man of like passions, infirmities and sins, with others, how soon every foul bird of prey will peck at his gay plumage, and turn his glory into shame. Many a popular preacher has finished his course in shame, in sorrow, or in crime.

Young man, do not fret because your kite does not fly quite so high as your neighbors. Hold on to the string, and you may keep it out of the ditch. It may be very pleasant to see your name in print, but that depends largely upon what is printed under it.

Keep low. Before honor is humility. Be true to God and man, and if you miss fame you may also escape shame; if you do not hear hosannas shouted to-day, you may not hear the cry, "Crucify him!" to-morrow; and if you can serve your generation in this life, and get quietly into your grave without bringing reproach upon yourself, your friends and your Lord, you will have a fine opportunity for fame and appreciation in the day when the righteous shall "shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Wait and see if it is not so.—*The Christian.*

ORDERS FOR THE DAY.

BY THE REV. J. ALDEN, D. D.

"What are the orders for the day?" said a laborer, as he presented himself in the morning at the appointed place of work.

This question should be asked by the Christian every morning. "What are the orders for the day? What does the Master wish me to do this day?"

There are standing orders which he is always to obey, but each day has its specific duties. These every one should be anxious to know and to do.

Many begin the day with a general purpose to do their duty—to do right. They perform the duties of their calling with fidelity. No charge of neglect or of dereliction can be brought against them. But it may be said of them. "What do ye more than others?" There are those who do not profess to follow Christ who lead upright and benevolent lives. It is right to be prudent, industrious, faithful to trust; but all our acts should be done heartily as unto God. A high sense of honor is a good motive, but a desire to please God is a better one. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." We should have reference to the will of God, in all our actions. Each day and hour we should ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?"

This asking for the orders of the day will prevent many sins of inadvertence or thoughtlessness. The child's excuse, "I did not think," is often applicable to the Christian. While acting from habit under a general purpose of doing right, he often does things which he would not do, if his successive acts were determined by the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The act of decision, or, rather, the perplexed state of mind preceding the act of decision, is painful and exhaustive. The state of mind can often be avoided by reference to the "orders for the day." We often compare the advantages and disadvantages of a given course or act, and are unable to come to a decision when the question, "What would Christ have me to do?" would cause a prompt decision. Such a decision will be a wise decision. Christ is infinitely wise.

When we ask this question, we are not to expect an express revelation of his will—a direct communication from the Spirit; but when we ask with an obedient mind, the decision will rarely be erroneous.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

Some Christians keep a museum of their old sins and call an exhibition of it humility. Some will be burden-bearers of the past, and almost sink into the dust under the weight of their old sins. They won't have them absorbed into that all-absorbing burden the Cross of Jesus. Only the lessons of the past belong to us, the rest is God's. He permits us sometimes to wear the scars that the old burdens left impressed on our shoulders, but he doesn't want us to keep the wounds open for the inspection of the world. It is a bad state of things when a man's spiritual position is reckoned by the wickedness of his past. It is the condition of that Reform Club in the West, which would not listen to a new member, because he "was of no account, hadn't been anything but a cider toper." It is the condition that sets men running after converted thieves, converted gamblers, converted clowns, and converted atrocity generally. It is a morbid running to see the marks of the old chains. They reverse the proper order of the Christian life, and place first what was instead of what is.

Now what is real Christian humility? It is a forgetfulness of self in Christ Jesus. It is joyful, unceasing activity in God's work. It is a feeling that the work of God ennobles. It is a standing erect as the peer of angels while doing the task of humanity. It is a constant measuring of ourselves by the standard of Jesus, and a constant realization of the fact that any resemblance we may have to Him is due to Him and not to ourselves. It is a constant view of the glories of our inheritance, which in their dawning on earth fit us better for earth and lessen the wide difference between us and their full realization in heaven. This humility is the radiant humility that needs no expression in words. It shines out of the possessor's heart into every act of life; it is the *noblesse oblige* of the Christian life, and its source is the Prince of Peace who walked tear-blinded and then bruised through this world of ours, that we might go crowned into the Kingdom.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE POWER OF THE BIBLE.

A Bible distributer, going through a district where they were building a railroad, gave copies of God's word to several of the laborers on the works. The Romish priest, hearing that a copy had been left at an Irish dwelling, told the father of the family that it was a very unsafe and improper book for him and his family to read, and ordered him to burn it when he went home. The man's curiosity was excited, and he thought he would look into the dangerous book for himself and see what it contained. He did so, and reading in the New Testament, had his eyes opened to the truth, and was converted, and he and his whole family renounced their Romish views and connected themselves with a Protestant church.

An infidel young lawyer, going to the West to settle for life, made it his boast that he "would locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday-schools, or Bibles." He found a place which substantially met his conditions. But before the year was out he wrote to a former classmate, a young minister, begging him to come out and bring plenty of Bibles, and begin preaching, and start a Sunday-school, for he said he had "become convinced that a place without Christians, and Sabbaths, and churches, and Bibles, was too much like hell for any living man to stay in!"—*American Messenger.*

ONE NIAGARA is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all, that it is to be done.—*Albert Barnes.*

THAT IS always best for us which is best for our souls.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. What does the Bible say is harder to be won than a strong city?
14. Where do we find that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother?"
15. How long was Solomon's temple in building?
16. How many years elapsed from the return of the children of Israel from Egypt till the commencement of the building of Solomon's temple?
17. What miracle led to the dispersion of mankind over all the world?
18. What kind of trees were the Israelites forbidden to cut down when they besieged a city?
19. How was the timber which was used in ilding Solomon's temple brought from Lebanon?
20. What does the Bible say is the whole duty of man?
21. What is called in the Bible the *royal law?*
22. Where is it said that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city?"
23. What army was smitten with blindness?
24. What is the meaning of "Nehushtan" and to what was the name given?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Where first did David seek his promised crown?
Who won his wife by capturing a town?
Where fled a man before his brother's threat?
Who in a desert land three monarchs met?
Who seeking Canaan died upon the way?
Who killed his master that in sickness lay?
Name where an exiled king in sorrow trod
Whose son in cunning service wrought for God?
What prince was slain at noon upon his bed?
Say at whose threshing floor a priest fell dead.
Where first did Israel eat of Canaan's corn?
What son to Boaz was in gladness born!
Who sought to turn Paul's teaching into scorn?
Learn with the Psalmist, from whose words we borrow,
To serve the Lord and trust him for the morrow.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS, IN NO. 24

277. David.
278. Jesse, to the tribe of Judah, 1 Sam. xvi. 1.
279. In Bethlehem, 1 Sam. xvi. 4, 13.
280. When he was brought to play before Saul, 1 Sam. xvi. 14, 23.
281. The Philistines, 1 Sam. xviii. 1, 2.
282. He was sent by his father with provisions for his brothers, 1 Sam. xvii. 17, 19.
283. A giant Philistine whom David killed, 1 Sam. xvii. 48, 51.
284. Went to Saul's court, 1 Sam. xvii. 2.
285. Michal, Saul's daughter, 1 Sam. xvii. 27.
286. Michal, his wife, let him down out of the window in a basket, 1 Sam. xix. 10, 16.
287. To Samuel at Ramah, 1 Sam. xix. 18.
288. Came back to Jonathan to find out why Saul was trying to take his life, 1 Sam. xx. 1.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 21.—Andrew Hill, 12; William C. Wickham, 12.

To No. 23.—S. Eastment, 11; Martha Van Dusen, 12; Andrew Hill, 9; Julia Smith, 11; Minnie Cummings, 10; William Cooke Wickham, 11; Flora B. Gunn, 10.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON III.

JANUARY 18.]

JESUS BAPTIZED BY JOHN.—Matt. 3 : 1-17.

[About A. D. 26, 27.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13-17.

1. In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Ju-de-a,

2. And saying, Repent ye : for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

3. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Es-a-ias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

4. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins ; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

5. Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Ju-de-a, and all the region round about Jordan.

6. And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

7. But when he saw many of the Phar-i-sees and Sad-du-cees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come ?

8. Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance :

9. And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father : for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto A-bra-ham.

10. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees : therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

11. I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance : but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear : he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire :

12. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner ; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

13. Then cometh Jesus from Gal-i-lee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me ?

15. And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now : for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

16. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water : and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God, descending like a dove, and lighting upon him :

17. And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3 : 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The divine witness to the "beloved Son."

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Nothing is known of Christ's life between the return from Egypt and his baptism by John except the one event of his visit to Jerusalem (A.D. 8 or 9 : Luke 2 : 40-52) to celebrate the passover, and the attendant circumstances.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—With this lesson compare Mark 1 : 1-11 ; Luke 3 : 1-23 ; John 1 : 19-36. Study the relation and conduct of Jesus and John to each other.

NOTES.—JOHN THE BAPTIST, the divinely-foretold forerunner of the Messiah (Luke 1 : 11-17), son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, both of priestly families (Luke 1 : 5), living in Judea, probably at Hebron. (See Luke 2 : 39 ; Josh : 21 : 11, 13.) John was born six months before Jesus (A. D. 5), whose kinsman he was (Luke 1 : 3 6) ; a Nazarite (Num. 6 : 1-21) from his birth (see Luke 1 15 ; Matt. 3 : 4), and a prophet and preacher of righteousness ; beheaded by Herod Antipas (14 : 3-12) at the castle of Machærus, on the Dead Sea, A. D. 28 or 27. WILDERNESS OF JU-DE-A, "a dreary waste of rocky valleys" extending over the whole east coast from Hebron to the Dead Sea on the east, and the desert on the south. JE-RU-SA-LEM, the Holy City, an ancient town on the mountains, about 20 miles from the Mediterranean and 18 miles from the Jordan ; made capital of the nation by David, whose son Solomon built the temple ; finally destroyed as a Jewish city by Titus, A. D. 70 ; now in the hands of the Turks, with a population of about 26,000. In Christ's time it may have had from 30,000 to 45,000 inhabitants. JOR-DAN, the principal river of Palestine, flowing from north to south for about 200 miles till it empties into the Dead Sea. PHAR-I-SEES, the largest and most popular religious party of the Jews, professing superior piety and most rigorous observance of the law and tradition. SA-DU-CEES, a smaller party, professing superior enlightenment, rejecting tradition, denying Providence, the resurrection and immortality. A-BRA-HAM, founder of the Jewish people. (See Gen. 11 : 27-25 : 8.)

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—I.) JOHN THE BAPTIST, (II.) HIS PREACHING. (III.) BAPTISM OF JESUS.

I. JOHN THE BAPTIST. (1-6.) THOSE DAYS (see 2 : 23 ; Luke 3 : 1). That is, while Jesus was yet at home in Nazareth, in A. D. 26, REPENT, turn from sin to God's righteousness (see Luke 3 : 10-14) ; KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, reign of Messiah (Dan. 2 : 44, 7 : 13, 14, 18), HE—i.e., John ; ESAIAS, Isaiah (Isa. 40 : 3) ; MAKE STRAIGHT, even, clear of obstacles ; SAME JOHN, John himself ; RAIMENT (see Mark 1 : 6), a loose cloak of camel's hair, woven of camel's hair ; LOINS, waist ; MEAT, food ; LOCUSTS, are still often eaten by the poorer classes in the East ; JERUSALEM, here means its citizens ; ALL JUDEA, people from all parts of Judea ; JORDAN, "region round about" means those parts east of the river, and north, as well as those of Judea—i.e., Perea, Samaria, Galilee, etc.

II. HIS PREACHING. (7-12.) ABRAHAM, as if being children of the covenant in the flesh would save them (see Rom. 9 : 6-8) ; AXE IS LAID, etc. (see Judges 15 : 2, 6), figurative : even now and from now God's judgment is in operation (John 3 : 18, 19) ; WITH WATER, in water, which is merely symbolical ; UNTO REPENTANCE, as then a only preparatory to the sanctification by the Holy Ghost ; MIGHTIER, in authority and power ; SHOES, sandals ; BEAR (see Luke 3 : 16), as a slave after his master ; WITH THE HOLY GHOST AND WITH FIRE, in the Holy Ghost (see Acts 2 : 3-4) ; FAN, a kind of shovel to toss up the grain that the wind might blow away the chaff ; FLOOR, a hard, beaten, circular space on Eastern fields, where the threshing was done ; GARNER, granary, usually a dry vault under ground ; CHAFF, dust and straw, all that was not wheat. It was often used for fuel.

III. BAPTISM OF JESUS. (13-17.) THEN, probably six months after the previous events, and at a different place (John 1 28), farther up the Jordan ; HEAVENS OPENED . . . UNTO HIM, in a vision, seen only by him and John (John 1 : 32) ; LIKE A DOVE, (see Luke 3 : 22). In the vision the Spirit appeared to them as having the form of a dove, symbol of gentleness, purity, and peace ; BELOVED, only beloved, peculiarly beloved.

What in this lesson teaches—

1. The necessity of repentance before baptism ?
2. The nature of true repentance ?
3. The character of Christ's work ?
4. The different states of righteousness and sin ?

LESSON IV.

JANUARY 25.]

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.—Matt. 4 : 1-11.

[About A. D. 26-27].

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-4.

1. Then was Je-sus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.

3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

4. But he answered and said, It is written Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

5. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple,

6. And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down : for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee : and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them ;

9. And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou will fall down and worship me.

10. Then saith Je-sus unto him, Get thee hence, Sa-tan : for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11. Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.—Heb. 2 : 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ was tempted in all points as we are.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The events of this lesson follow in immediate connection with those of the lesson on the baptism.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Study the three different kinds of temptation that Christ endured, and learn from him how to meet and overcome all temptation.

NOTES.—THE WILDERNESS. This was either the "Quarantania," a steep, barren mountain, wild and full of caves, west of the Jordan and near Jericho, or it may have been east of the Jordan, or possibly the desert of Sinai in the south. (See Ex. 34 : 28, 29, 1 Kings 19 : 8.) The former is more probable. THE DEVIL, adversary, accuser, Satan, the spiritual enemy of God and man, and chief of the fallen angels. It is not necessarily implied that he came in any visible form, but, as he does to us, in the spirit, suggested evil thoughts in their minds. THE TEMPLE, at Jerusalem, first built by Solomon about B. C. 1005, afterward several times destroyed ; rebuilt the last time in great splendor by Herod the Great as it was in Christ's time.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE FIRST TEMPTATION. (II.) THE SECOND TEMPTATION. (III.) THE THIRD TEMPTATION.

I. THE FIRST TEMPTATION. (1-4.) THEN immediately after his baptism ; LED UP (see Mark 1 : 12), impelled, not by his own will, but by the Holy Spirit ; WILDERNESS, see Notes : TO BE TEMPTED, explains the purpose of his being brought there—to be tried and tested ; FASTED, does not necessarily mean that he ate nothing ; TEMPTER—i.e., Satan, who solicits to sin ; HE SAID, suggested, as while Jesus was yet at home in Nazareth, in A. D. 26, REPENT, turn from sin to God's righteousness (see Luke 3 : 10-14) ; KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, reign of Messiah (Dan. 2 : 44, 7 : 13, 14, 18), HE—i.e., John ; ESAIAS, Isaiah (Isa. 40 : 3) ; MAKE STRAIGHT, even, clear of obstacles ; SAME JOHN, John himself ; RAIMENT (see Mark 1 : 6), a loose cloak of camel's hair, woven of camel's hair ; LOINS, waist ; MEAT, food ; LOCUSTS, are still often eaten by the poorer classes in the East ; JERUSALEM, TEMPLE, literally, "wing ;" also applied to a pointed roof. No particular part of the temple need be meant further than, perhaps, its highest point. Some think it means Herod's words ; "ARTFUL (see v. 3) ; IT IS WRITTEN (Ps. 91 : 11, 12) ; WRITTEN AGAIN, (Deut. 6 : 16) ; LORD THY GOD, in applying this to himself. Jesus clearly asserts his divinity.

III. THE THIRD TEMPTATION. (8-11.) EXCEEDING HIGH MOUNTAIN, this must again be by suggestion or in imagination, for no existing mountain could be high enough to give a view of "all the kingdoms of the world ;" no particular mountain need therefore be meant ; ALL THE KINGDOMS, as in a vision (see Luke 4 : 5) ; GLORY, riches, power, etc. ; THESE THINGS, kingdoms with their glory ; WILL I GIVE, by this the tempter reveals himself as the "ruler of this world," but falsely so, and as an usurper ; FALL DOWN AND WORSHIP, as an act of homage, token of subjection to him ; GET THEE HENCE, "begone ;" an authoritative, imperative command ; IT IS WRITTEN, (Deut. 6 : 13, 14), Jesus quotes it freely, not literally ; LEAVETH HIM, for the time (see Luke 4 : 13) ; ANGELS, spiritual messengers of God (Heb. 1 14, Luke 22 : 43) ; MINISTERED UNTO HIM, perhaps with food, as they did to Elijah (1 Kings 19 : 5-7.)

What in the lesson teaches us—

1. That Christ had a true human nature ?
2. His divine strength ?
3. How to overcome temptation ?
4. That knowledge of Scripture can be abused ?
5. The sin of presumption ?
6. The sin of ambition ?
7. The fatherly care of God ?

The Scene of the Temptation.—A tradition, said to be no older than the time of the Crusades, fixes the scene of the temptation at a mountain to the west of Jericho,* which from this circumstance has received the name of Quarantania. Naked and arid like a mountain of malediction, rising precipitously from a scorched and desert plain, and looking over the sluggish, bituminous waters of the Sodomitic sea, this ochering, a sharp contrast to the smiling softness of the Mountain of Beatitudes and the limpid crystal of the Lake of Gennesaret, imagination has seen in it a fit place to be haunt of evil influences—a place where, in the language of the prophets, the owls dwell and the satyrs dance. And here Jesus, according to that graphic and pathetic touch of the second evangelist, "was with the wild beasts."—*Farrar.*

*Farrar's statement is incorrect. Quarantania is nearly north-west from Jericho.—Ed. Hand-Book.

1879 AND 1880.

On Monday or Tuesday this number of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will be sent to press. The time of writing is the third of January 1880 and the returns of the previous year are just to hand. That they contain good news all our readers know, still they, will be surprised to learn that during 1879 the receipts for subscriptions to the MESSENGER were $2,786 more than in 1878 a clear gain of thirty-three per cent. and something over. But that is not the best of the news. A very large proportion of this gain was made in the last month and the indications are that it will continue to increase. If the increase of last month be continued throughout the year the MESSENGER would have more than ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND subscribers at the end of 1880 ; if the last year's increase be continued we will have SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND subscribers at that time. Now which shall it be, the sixty-five or the one hundred thousand subscribers ? In either case the circulation will be much larger than that of any other paper in Canada ; but with the help of all our readers we might have the larger number as well as not. Very many of our friends have done nobly. Will not all do likewise ?

MORE LETTERS.

A FATHER'S COMMENTS.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find $2.40 for eight subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER for one year commencing with the new year. We have found the NORTHERN MESSENGER just the kind of paper to elevate and instruct both young and old. I take as much interest in it as the boys do, and they have been so pleased with it the past year that they got six new names.

JOHN WALKER.

Newfane, Niagara Co., Dec. 15th. 1879.

I think the NORTHERN MESSENGER an excellent paper ; that it fills a place no other paper can, supplying a really useful and entertaining paper for boys and girls yet cheap enough for the million.

LA FAYETTE NORRIS.

A BIG BOY SPEAKS.

I am a boy twelve years old, but if you judge from my weight you will think me much older. I weigh 140 lbs. I read the MESSENGER and when I get one read I am impatient to get the next. I tried to get some subscriptions for the MESSENGER but got three for the WEEKLY WITNESS which perhaps, will please you as well. Is not one WITNESS equal to two MESSENGERS. If so then, would I not make an ensign.

JOSEPHUS YOURRX.

Newcomb Mills, O.

Yes, and we have enrolled Josephus amongst the ensigns of our volunteer regiment.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find my list of new subscribers and renewals and the money for them. This will be three years I have taken your NORTHERN MESSENGER. I think it's just a splendid little paper for the money. I have got all the subscribers I could for you. If I get any more I will send them before New Year. I am nine years old and I always mean to take the NORTHERN MESSENGER.

HERMAN C. CLENDENEN.

Markham, O. Dec. 15th, 1879.

Herman has sent us ten subscribers. Very well done for a nine year old worker, who has earned the office of lieutenant. But there are many equally young who have even exceeded this. We wish them all success.

I commenced to take the MESSENGER in 1876 and if I live I will take it until 1976.

HERBERT C. HOWE.

West Eaton N. Y.

ABOUT PRIZES.

The easel album which I received as my premium pleased me very much and I consider myself will repaid for any exertion I made to obtain subscribers.

L. MCMILLAN.

Campbelltown, N. B.

The box of paints and Testament came in due time after date. I am very much pleased with my prizes. They are much nicer than I anticipated.

ROBBIE GARBUTT.

Wallacetown, O.

A prize list will be sent to any reader on application to the MESSENGER Office.

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